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After which we have a concluding symphony of some length on a *pedale*, with harp-like *arpeggios*, and a series of descending harmonies of the most original kind, bringing the work to a conclusion in a dignified and stately manner. That worshippers in our Cathedral churches would be benefited by the use of such music as this,—which speaks direct to the heart, in language not likely to be misunderstood,—there can be little doubt. It is equally certain that the greater part of the concerted music sung in such places, appeals neither to the understanding nor the feelings—neither to the head nor the heart—of those who worship there: consequently the performance of music, which is only of interest to the musical antiquarian, severs the thread of their devotion, and instead of stimulating their better feelings, actually produces a void. If there be a precedent in the entire range of Cathedral music, for the introduction of such a work as this Motett into our services, we should find it in Greene's Anthem "God is our hope." Surely when this work was first introduced, the excitement must have been immense; and we cannot help thinking also that some amount of opposition must have been made by the antiquarians of that date, for anything more dramatic in form, more novel in conception, or more marked in its intense desire to push the illustration of the ideas contained in the words to the furthest limit, had hardly been seen at that time. And though this is one of the principal instances of the liberal use of dramatic form and colouring in church music, it is by no means the only one; for from Pelham Humphreys, down to our own day, there has hardly been a period when it was not more or less used; therefore, why anything written in that form at the present time should be stigmatized as operatic, it is difficult to make out. At any rate, with the strong devotional feeling, always apparent in M. Gounod's sacred music, it is impossible, with any fairness, to lay to his charge a want of deep religious expression, and in this Motett least of all. The words, supplied by the Vicar of St. Andrew's, Wells-street, are in every way admirable.

All ye who Weep. Full Anthem. Words by the Rev. B. Webb. Music by Ch. Gounod.

Come unto Him. Full Anthem. Words by the Rev. B. Webb. Music by Ch. Gounod.

It has been well said that a church training in early days has the same effect upon a composer of music as the acquirement of Latin produces upon a person's classical education. To borrow a simile from a sister Art—it forms a solid foundation, and admits of an ultimate grandeur of superstructure which could otherwise never have been anticipated. This effect it has upon secular music, and in a thousand-fold greater degree upon sacred. To our thinking, there have been but few instances since the time of Handel of an essentially operatic composer having succeeded in producing music displaying any great depth of sacred devotion. It is true, the mind which conceived *Don Giovanni* also created the *Requiem*, and the hand which traced *Non più Andrai* added the *Ave verum* to the world's Art-treasures. But these are exceptions, and Gounod is another.

The two compositions now under notice offer proof of this. Anything more sacred in effect or more widely different from the archaic curiosities which do duty for anthems in many of our cathedrals can hardly be imagined. All worn out traditions have been dispensed with. The counterpoint is of the simplest form—note against note. There is not a shadow of fugal point or piece of imitation from the beginning to the end of either. They are the result of pure inspiration, unfettered in the slightest degree by that pedantry which, when unduly indulged in, becomes the curse of Art. Simple and most touching are the words, "All ye who weep, O come unto Me; I will comfort you. All ye who suffer, O come to Me; I will console you. All ye who mourn, O come to Me; I am your Peace. All ye who die, O come to Me for life eternal;" and it is not too much to say that the music is in every way worthy of the words.

But of the two we prefer the second; although there is a striking similarity between them, necessitated by the resemblance of the words, "Come unto Him, all ye who labour; your Lord will give you rest and peace, comfort for all your sorrows; ye weary, He will give you rest for your souls. O turn from the pleasures of sins, and behold your Lord on His Cross, who dies for the sins of the world. Come unto Him all ye who labour, He will receive you, He will refresh you, He will give rest to your souls." It seems difficult to imagine words more suited to the requirements of worship. Compare these with the ridiculous selections sometimes made by our anthem writers, in which we pray to be delivered "out of the hands of the heathen!" or that "peace may be upon Israel;" or, again, when we have neither praise, prayer, nor narrative, as in the Anthem, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel." It seems absolutely astonishing when we consider what strange things are put into our mouths "in quires and places where they sing" anthems. If we were expected to use such unsuitable and inappropriate words in the shape of hymns, we should consider it an outrage on common sense. How many times have we been expected to join in spirit in the stimulating narrative, "He gave them hailstones for rain," which seems to be a stock piece in some of our Cathedral churches, principally because it is a dashing chorus, and utterly beyond the powers of a cathedral staff. But such absurdities must sooner or later come to the ground; and then we may hope to see the duty of selecting music placed in the hands of competent professional persons, who will be held responsible for all that is performed. And working harmoniously with them should be the Precentor, or Dean, who would accept the responsibility involved in the choice of words alone. Then also we possibly may find cathedral music touching our hearts and stimulating our devotion, instead of pandering to the antiquarian tastes of unmusical persons.

Tarantelle. For the Pianoforte. By William J. Young. This composition, although written with the skill of a practised musician, is hardly tripping enough for a Tarantella, which, though continually changing its character, should be full of motion throughout. The opening subject so often halts upon dotted crotchets as to render it scarcely as exciting as we should desire in a whirling dance of this nature; and where it passes into the tonic minor, this effect is even still more apparent. As we have said, however, the piece is obviously the work of a clever and accomplished composer, and as such deserves the attention both of performers and teachers.

Le Réveil des Oiseaux. Improvisation Brillante, pour le Piano. Par F. von Kornatzki.

A LIGHT, elegant, and tolerably easy piece, which will be found effective by pianists who can command the varied touches indicated by the composer. An introduction, in G minor, *andante sostenuto*, leads to a *vivace* subject, in G major, sufficiently suggestive of the character of the composition; and this is followed by a theme in the sub-dominant. After this the birds re-appear, and warble in graceful passages to the end. Although perhaps scarcely equal to some other pianoforte works we have seen by the same composer, this "Improvisation" will well repay the amount of time consumed in mastering the passages.

Aveu d'Amour. Melodie pour Piano. Par Charles Delieux.

A PLAINITIVE melody is here given to the left hand throughout, accompanied with quavers in the right hand. The modulations are exceedingly effective, and the theme has sufficient interest to counteract the monotony of the accompaniment; the concluding phrase, lengthened out upon the key-note harmony, being peculiarly graceful. If this "Romance sans paroles" be not played with the requisite expression, it is certainly not for want of explicit directions, such indications as "Augmentez," "Retenez," "Elargissez," and "Avec noblesse," deciding the composer's intention beyond the possibility of a doubt.